

CHRISTIAN
SURFERS
INTERNATIONAL



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CHRISTIAN SURFERS INTERNATIONAL

The **heaviest week** of all time

Hey, Bro! What's up?

It's being a long time that I would like to chat with you about a week of historical wave. Paddle, paddle and get in with me!

Marcelo Ferreira



SUPPORT:

Sepal

Summary

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BACK TO SUMMARY



Red alert!

It was the heaviest swell in history. Like never seen before. Storm, current, gigantic conditions in all forecasts.

It was not in Nazaré, the charming Portuguese village, host to the biggest waves in the world. The peak was in Judea. Back in the thirties of our era.

> ***The thickest week ever was known as Passion Week.***

That was when Jesus, the Son of God, took his board and paddled alone to the surf to rescue us. He took the entire set of sin on his head, by his own free will, and positioned himself to drop the wave of death, in order to resurrect us from the bottom of the sea of our injustice.

We were all drowned, trapped on the corals by the leash of guilt. Jesus foresaw the heavy swell of the week and did not back down. He dropped in, without pearling. Crucified in our place.

> ***He showed us an absurd degree of commitment, a superhuman surrender. An insane "go for it" kind of Love.***

And He went alone. No jetski. Just paddling. And his arms were ripped out by sharp spikes of the reef. Only he could do it.

Let's remember these days how it was the heaviest and most surprising week in History.

> Now Jesus was going up to Jerusalem. On the way, he took the Twelve aside and said to them, "We are going up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man will be delivered over to the chief priests and the teachers of the law. They will condemn him to death and will hand him over to the Gentiles to be mocked and flogged and crucified. On the third day he will be raised to life!"
>
> Matthew 20: 17-19

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Crazy localism

Imagine the scene. Eddie Aikau, the famous Hawaiian hero of the past, venerated surfer and lifeguard, rises from the ashes.

He appears in the Waimea line up, on a day of crowds and big waves. He sits on his gun and positions himself to wait for the set.

But the locals don't recognize him. They want to expel him from the water. They scream furiously and send him out. What? Hey, man, didn't the guys see who's there? He is the "father of big wave surfing", the personification of "aloha spirit"! Did the locals go crazy

Now imagine the scene. The Creator of the universe becomes a person, like one of us.

He appears on our "beach" teaching the kingdom of God, healing the sick and freeing the oppressed of the devil. He comes for love, rescue the drowned in fear and saves lives. He rips the waves with a line never seen before and draws everyone's attention. Power, Flow and Commitment. A very powerful interior Vibe. Pure Good News!

But the locals get jealous. They are aggros. They don't recognize Him. Claiming themselves as owners of the whole beach and attached to the traditions of the Old School, they expel him from the peak.

Did the locals not

understand who is there? He is the one who walks on water without a board! He is the Creator of the waves, the Owner of the beach, the Great Lifesaver!

Jewish leaders were insane in their localism. They were plotting among themselves how they could murder the Son of God that week.

Jesus said to them, “Have you never read in the Scriptures:

‘The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone; the Lord has done this, and it is marvelous in our eyes?’ Therefore, I tell you that the kingdom of God will be taken away from you and given to a people who will produce its fruit.

Mathew 21.42,43

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Flat day

You know how it works. It is when the sea gives a break and those hours are left for the surfer to do other things while waiting for a new swell.

The Wednesday of Passion Week was like that. Quieter. No crowd or discussions with the local religious dudes. Jesus had already taught the day before.

There are those who take advantage of the flat days. There are those who get totally lost on flats days. It is a matter of head and heart. And how we use our free time.

On the flat day, Jesus used the time to stay with friends, recharge his batteries, feed his heart with those who loved him and prepare for the drop of death on Friday. On that same day, Judas Iscariot lost himself. He used his free time to betray the Master and set the price of thirty pieces of silver coins to give him to the bad boys in the temple. It was worse than committing interference or pulling someones leash. It was madness done in the free hours of a flat day.

Free time can be an excellent opportunity to build and solidify what is good, human and beautiful in the experience of life and relationships. But, also, it can be the occasion when we put out our darker side, when we put everything to lose, bringing destruction and ruin, for us, our family and our brothers.

It is when the day is flat that we betray, devise evil on the sly, and sell our souls for coins. It is on the flat day that our greed and pride decide

to wake up. It is on the flat day that boredom gives way to madness. It is on the flat day that we sneak out to commit the nonsense of life.

It is on the flat day that the wipeout can be serious, and our back might be torn on the sharp reef of sin.
Don't go crazy.
We are all kooks in this.

That Wednesday Jesus chose to stay with friends for a meal and deepen the relationship with his closest brothers. What about you?

How and with whom do you enjoy your flat days?

Be always on the watch, and pray that you may be able to escape all that is about to happen, and that you may be able to stand before the Son of Man."

Luke 21.36

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Alone at the outside

When the sea waves get heavy, being alone at the outside is a bad idea.

The super stormy swell came into the bay and lined up monstrously that Thursday night and Friday morning. The forecasts guaranteed gigantic conditions for the next day. The sound of the sets breaking on the reefs in Jerusalem echoed through the night. The ground shook as dawn wore on. The tsunami that would sweep everything away came marching towards the shore. It broke on the shoulders of the Son of God.

That night, Jesus gave his last words to his friends at an epic dinner. The air was heavy. The breath was breathless in the garden that faced the spot. The time for being alone had come.

The closest brothers are gone. One betrayed him. Another said he didn't even know him. The rest ran away from the beach when the

locals arrived.

Brother, it's absurd! The best Person in the world has been abandoned outside! They all feared. No exception.

He had already calmed storms with his own voice. He had already walked on top of the water

Without a board. If he only wanted, that monster swell would be flat straight away.

The question is: Did HE WANT TO GO OVER THE FALLS? For what? For whom???

He picked up his board and paddled outside alone. The day would soon dawn. He sat down. And there it came the fatal set toward him.

A love so inexplicable for each one of us, grommets and kooks of existence, that I am not able to even translate it into words. History was being transformed forever.

And being in anguish, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was like drops of blood falling to the ground.

Lucas 22.44



The most insane drop in history

Teahupoo? Pipe? Mavericks? Jaws? Cape Fear? Nazaré?

No no and no. Absolutely not.

Realize it. Although these waves are violent, lethal and only dared by few surfers on the planet, what happened that Friday at the Skull Peak was legendary.

The analogy I have used is not enough to explain what really happened that Friday, between heaven and earth. We are still trying to understand today.

Think. We are all crowded at the lighthouse, disputing the view of the cliff. Ridiculing the Master. More curious, well-positioned photographers arrive. Here comes the set. Howling and shouting. It's time. We want to see Him die.

Jesus is alone. Above the clouds. He paddles into the impact zone, like a hunter. Convinced, upside down, from the Top of the lip, He sees the size of the abyss that separates us from the Father and puts it down. Drops down that wave Fearless of death's lock.

The descent was in the hollow. From the Highest Heaven to the shallow and pointed reef of the Cross. From divine glory next to the Father's Throne to the meanest humiliation this world has ever seen.

Jesus looked at me and you drowning, and came. For love. It couldn't be any other. It could only be Him.

God became man and dwelt among us. He humbled himself to the lowest position. He obeyed until death, and death on the cross. The just for the unjust, to lead us to God. Illegally convicted at dawn and without defense witnesses. Mistreated without ever harming anyone. Hung between two thieves. Whoever thought it was "wipeout" was wrong. There, he completed the mission he came to do.

At the top of the Skull Peak, everyone was paralyzed. The Master completed the critical drop, did the bottom turn on top of the stones and put it in the Tube of Life - of our life. Very deep!!! He opened up his arms inside the room, magazine cover, and ... BOOOOOOMMMMMM!

It closed.

And now? Does it end here?

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, for the sun stopped shining. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Jesus called out with a loud voice, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." When he had said this, he breathed his last.

Luke 23.44-46

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Silence

The next day, the one after Preparation Day, the chief priests and the Pharisees went to Pilate. "Sir," they said, "we remember that while he was still alive that deceiver said, 'After three days I will rise again.' So give the order for the tomb to be made secure until the third day. Otherwise, his disciples may come and steal the body and tell the people that he has been raised from the dead. This last deception will be worse than the first."

"Take a guard," Pilate answered. "Go, make the tomb as secure as you know how." So they went and made the tomb secure by putting a seal on the stone and posting the guard.

Mateus 27.62-66

Silence in the grave. Without a doubt, this was the weirdest Saturday ever.

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Unanimous 10

When the brave Brazilian surfer Maya Gabeira had an accident in Nazaré, those who saw her were in shock. She swallowed a lot of water. She was unconscious for a while. Almost gone. But thank God, Maya survived.

On that epic Friday in Jerusalem, the Master would not have the same fate. He was alone. He threw himself at the biggest bomb ever seen. He opened both arms to be immortalized, and went into the liquid cave ... The Author of Life, died.

He was swallowed up by the thick foam of our transgressions. He was covered by the fury of

our unbelief. Tons of liters of wrongs, from everyone and from all times, fell on Him. It was torn in the pointed reef of the Cross.

Jesus remained immersed in our faults for three days. He drank all the salt water of divine wrath and inflated his lungs with the sins that were mine, yours and ours!

He lost all air so that we could breathe.

And then?

Sunday comes. It is still dark, very early. Classic conditions break at the point

Jerusalem break. The day will be beautiful! Some women watch from the sand. Set in the background.

A large, smooth wall licks the stones, full of power. A long, expressed tube rotates without stopping. Who is that who comes from inside the barrel, shining, at this hour of the morning???

A spray spits from the barrel's mouth, and from there He ... Relaxed, sliding, loose, on the drive ... With open arms, hands pierced by Love, make a claiming to the Heavens. Oh My God!!!! Unbelievable!

There in Heaven, the notes of the first wave of the day came out. Michael, Gabriel and the other angels are ecstatic. The Father and the Holy Spirit "a High Score". Yep! "10" UNANIMOUS!!!

Yea! Jesus is alive! Yhaaaa!

> Therefore, God exalted him to the highest place and gave him the name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue acknowledge that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.
>
> Philippians 2.9-11

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What now, Bro?

Jesus went to the cross for our sins. Mine and yours. Our death died. In order to have the opportunity to live with Him, just as He was resurrected. Jesus himself said:

For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. 17 For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but

to save the world through him. 18
Whoever believes in him is not condemned, but whoever does not believe stands condemned already because they have not believed in the name of God's one and only Son.

John 3.16-18

Mistakes, evil, pain, injustice and sin have been overcome. And there is a firm hope through his resurrection.

Suffering is still in the world, but it is for now. History awaits a final judgment. And we are all called by God to repent of our sins and to believe in Christ as Savior and Lord. And the good news is this: through faith in Jesus, we are saved, forgiven, united with Him and inserted into a new life, a new family and a new kingdom!

If you want to surrender your life to Jesus now and experience the eternal love that God has for you, pray:

" *God, I recognize that I am a sinner, this is my condition. I also recognize that your son, Jesus Christ took my place on the cross and resurrected for my resurrection. I confess Jesus Christ as my enough Lord and Savior. Pour your spirit over me and be my friend and father. I surrender to you my history and my destiny.*

> *Put me in touch with your other kids, help me to grow in faith and to fulfill my mission pouring your love on this earth, till I meet you in eternity."*

In the name of Jesus, amen!

I hope to meet you at some peak in this world! But if not here, we'll see you in Heaven!

Thanks for the company, brother!

Good waves!

